

miscell.
Vol 1.

A
PROPER REPLY
To a late very Extraordinary
LETTER
FROM THE

Hon. T-----s H-----y, Esq;

TO

Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart.

In a LETTER to the Honourable
AUTHOR,

By a L A D Y,



L O N D O N:

Printed for W. WEBB, near St. *Paul's*,
M,DCC,XLII.
[Price One Shilling.]





A

PROPER REPLY, &c.

IT took me up some Moments to consider, if it was consistent with the strict Modesty expected from my Sex, to open a public Correspondence with your's; but the dear Itch of meddling, and her *Grace's* Example, soon got the better of my Squeamishness. Why shou'd not I, thought I to myself, tho' no *Dutchess* wallowing in *Millions*, acquired by grinding the Faces of *Millions*, commence Author, as well as her *Grace*; or why shou'd I be more shy of writing to a private Gentleman, than she was to a *Lord*? I am sure my Motive for writing is not less justifiable than her's was. I design no Panegyrick upon my *Dear Self*, which appears but too visibly, to have been her *Grace's* sole View; nor have I the least Intention of mending a batter'd Character by *depreciating* that of all those I have been most *obliged* to—
No, Sir; I take a nobler Flight; I have

A 2

a

a more Christian View in dropping the *Fan* for the Grey Goose Quill. Her *Grace* seems to arrogate Merit from flinging *Dirt* on the Ashes of one of the *Best* and *Greatest* of her *own Sex*, whilst I only assume the Glory of endeavouring to rescue the *Fame* of one neither so *Great* nor *Good*. Here I wou'd be understood to mean the Word *Good* comparatively: For tho' I don't think Lady *Hanmer* to have been as *good* a Woman as Queen *Anne*, I verily believe she had many good Qualities; and am very sure she wou'd appear to have had as few *bad*, as many of her Neighbours, had she never known you, and had you never attempted to have drawn her Character.

'Tis probable you may have intended a Panegyrick on your *Soul's Soul*, but really, Sir, never was Portaiture of an unhappy Woman less skilfully, or more invidiously drawn. The Truth is, you are no Artist, tho' you take uncommon Pains to be thought one. Happy had it been for the poor deceas'd Lady, if she had rightly distinguished between the intrinsic Merit of the Man she *slighted*, and the Tinsel Varnish of him, for whom she lost that which ought to be most dear to a Woman of Sense. Poor Lady!

Lady! cou'd she now cast an unprejudiced Eye on this doughty Performance of the *Man*, whom you tell us she idolized, how must she blush to doat on so unnatural a Composition of Vanity, Pride, Meanness of Soul, Pedantry, Madness and Stupidity.

If you revere Lady *Hanmer's* Memory as greatly as you wou'd persuade your Readers you do, you will readily excuse any harshness in the Expression of one who assures you she has no other Quarrel to you than as you were first the *Undoer*, and now the *Exposer* of an ill-fated Woman, who probably had been happy whilst living, and forgot now she is dead, if you had been as just and discreet as every Man of Honour ought to be. The World may wonder why one of my Sex shou'd think of so cautious a Preliminary, of stooping so low as to make any Apology to a Creature in *Breeches*: And indeed, if the wearing *Breeches* did constitute every *Wearer* really a *Man*, the Caution had been unnecessary. But when a Woman has to do with one who betrays all the Weaknesses of the *Petticoat*, who proclaims himself more a *Platonic* in Love, than *Male* Creatures are capable of, who,

in short, appear to be a Medley of the *Masculine* and *Feminine Gender* ; these Matters, I say, considered, the Precaution must be deemed rather an Argument of my Judgment than my Timidity.

The bare mentioning the Words *Medley of Genders* calls to my Mind the unhappy Consequence of making free with one of your *mixt* Composition not many Years ago. The Fact I mean, happen'd about some dozen Years since ; and one of your *Friends*, as well as one of your *Complexion*, was not only the dapper *Hero* of the Farce, but like to fall a *Sacrifice* to his own ill-judged Resentment. The calling to mind that *Tragi-Comedy*, is at this time of double use to me ; it directs me at once to the Path of Safety, by reiterating my Excuses for such *Freedom* as I have or may hereafter take with you ; and to a * *proper Title* for this first Essay of my Pen. Thanks to the *Gray's-Inn* Counsellor, for having help'd out a raw unartful Author ———
However obliged I be to the worthy
Caleb,

* A Pamphlet, intitl'd, *A Proper Reply to a late Scurrilous Libel*, by *Caleb D'Anvers*, in 1731, which produced a Challenge between Lord *Harvey* and Mr. *Pulteney*.

Calab, I doubt he will have no Thanks from either you or your *Br—r*. But be that as it will, my Sex secures me from one removed but a degree from one of us; and from a Person, not to say, *Man* of Honour, his great Age secures the Connfellow.

Now, Sir, as I am but a Novice at Writing, you must know that I am not only humble enough to copy and borrow all I can, but own my Obligation. From Mr. *D'Anvers* I borrow my *Title*; and after you, I have moulded part of my Letter into an *Introduction*. From him I borrow *verbatim*; I copy you with more Freedom. You desire your Readers (page 1) *not to forget that you are no Volunteer in Print*; and I desire that my Labours may be look'd upon as purely spontaneous. Already you see, I vary from you; and I am mistaken, or you will perceive throughout my whole Performance, that you and I have as different Notions of Men, Women, and Things, as you and Sir *Thomas* seem to have had with regard to your Conduct. In one thing, however, I fancy we shall agree; that is, in writing without any manner of *Constraint*: I mean, that I shall have as little with
regard

regard to you, as you have shewn, not only with regard to one of the best and finest Gentlemen of the Age, but indeed almost to all your Contemporaries of both Sexes. Recollect this Description of your *Soul's Soul* (page 26.) *But she was loving, lovely, gentle, generous, and dispassionate, and the Elements so mix'd in her, that she seem'd as if sent for a Pattern of what Women ought to be, and to have been resumed again for want of Copyers:* Call to mind, I say, this fulsome, senseless Jargon; this insolent Accusation of the Ladies of *Great Britain*, to raise the Character of one of the poorest of them in *repute*, and you will not wonder to hear a *Woman* say she will give you no better Quarters, than you arrogantly gave her whole Sex. How, Sir! shall all the virtuous *Fair* of the Nation be traduced for not copying one whom you have seduced from her *Duty* at least, if not from her *Virtue*? If you have not seduced her from the *latter*, which may be owing to your *Doubtful Gender*, we are sure, if you are to be credited, that she dropt the fairest Flower of her Sex, her *Modesty*; yet this was she, *that seem'd as if sent for a Pattern of what Women ought to be.*

Tell

Tell me, Sir ; did you forget what you make that unhappy Lady say ; (page 26, and 27,) or had you a premediated Intention to insult us, when you thus paint her as a *Pattern* to be copied ? “ Tho’ she often, you say, put by “ my Suit with Sighs and Tears, as was “ natural to her *Modesty*, at last I obtain’d “ an Explanation of it ;” (an ambiguous Passage in one of her Letters to Sir *Thomas*). O’ my Conscience, good Sir, you may send such *Modesty* to all the Markets of *Europe*, and have it home again without being ask’d the Price of it. Pray mind the consummate *Modesty* of this *Mirroure* of her Sex. You go on thus— “ She assured me that you (meaning her “ Husband) never had the least *Knowledge* of her.” — Very *modestly* said of a *Wife* to a *Man*, or one in the Likeness of a *Man*, whose impertinent Curiosity, it was as much her Business to disappoint, as it was her *Duty* to shun and despise him for presuming to make the Enquiry. For so careful was you to fix the Standard of this wretched Lady’s *Modesty*, you make her speak plainer yet ; nay, you make her speak so very plain, that I aver to you (believe it not if you please) I can scarce hold the

B

Pen,

Pen, now I am about transcribing your's and her *modest* Expressions.—— You proceed; “ What! said I, did he never
 “ attempt to *consummate*? Did he never
 “ try to *pin* the matrimonial *Basket*?—
 A most modest Interrogatory to the *Pattern* of *Modesty*! “ Upon which, you
 “ say, she aver'd to me, she cou'd not
 “ certify you were a *Man*, if she were
 “ called upon for such an Attestation :
 “ That you once made some little *Feint*
 “ towards *joining of your Persons*, on the
 “ *Wedding Night*, and the next Morn-
 “ ing begg'd Pardon for the Disappoint-
 “ ment ; but from that time took no
 “ more Notice of her, than if you had
 “ forgotten her Sex.”

Good censorious Sir, what did you intend by drawing such a Picture of the *Modesty* of your Model of all Perfection? Did your impotent Malice of the abus'd *Husband* hurry you into so gross an Abuse of the *Woman* you profess to have loved, the *Woman* you point out as a *Pattern* to the whole Sex? Insufferable!

But that your Reader may be sure your *Idol*, and our *Pattern*, was as severely *virtuous*, as strictly *modest*, you tell them, (page 30) “ she *suggested* to me
 “ the *Means* ; and I embraced them
 “ with

“ with the same Alacrity that we wou’d
 “ have snatch’d an Opportunity of pro-
 “ moting my Felicity.” — The virtu-
 ous *Means* suggested by the Lady, ap-
 pear from what immediately follows.
 “ To your eternal Confusion and Re-
 “ proach, *I am very well persuaded that*
 “ *she was capable of bearing Children;*
 “ and being herself an only Child, the
 “ *Desire of having an Heir was the most*
 “ *natural of all Human Wishes.*” — In-
 consistent Mortal! to swear throughout
 the tedious Course of sixty long Pages in
 a labour’d *Panegyrick* of a *Woman* you
deify, and pretend to have loved, and yet
 in a few Lines to paint her as arrant a
Prostitute as any in the Hundreds of
Drury, is such Contradiction, as sure ne-
 ver fell from the Pen of any Man, much
 less a Gentleman that sets up for the
 strictest Probity. Fye, Sir! call in all the
 Editions of your filthy senseless *Rhapsody*,
 if that be possible, considering the Avi-
 dity and Propensity of the present Age to
 Scandal and Immorality; or if this can’t
 be effected, take your Pen a second time,
 and write an humble Apology, for hav-
 ing insulted my *Sex* in particular, and
 the *Public* in general, in your endeavour-
 ing to asperse one of the most amiable,

valuable *Characters* of the Age. Take my Word for it, all your Efforts to stain so unblemished a Character as Sir *Thomas Hanmer's*, are so many Stabs you give your own; all your Obloquy and fustian Invectives recoil back upon your self, who, God knows, wanted not this additional Weight, to sink you lower than you have already been, at least in the Opinion of my *Sex*, to whom, in the following *Execration*, (page 40) you seem to be paying Court. You seem, indeed, to doubt that your late deluded Mistress's *Equal* is on Earth; and truly, if we may take your Description of her, I don't know but the like Doubt may remain with the Public. But be that as it may, I believe few *Batchelors*, and fewer *Married Men* wou'd envy you when you say, "But Perdition, eternal
 " Perdition on me, if I wou'd not undergo, or forego, more than Enthusi-
 " astic Hermit ever did to recommend
 " himself to his God, to be possess'd of
 " her *Equal*!"

This unhappy Lady's *Equal* as she comes from your masterly Pen, I verily believe cannot be found amongst even the *Pretenders* of my *Sex* to either Sense or Honour. Her great *Modesty* and exemplary

emplary *Virtue* we have cursorily examined; her *Judgment* and *Discretion* we will consider next: As for her *Temper*, shou'd it be impeached, I am afraid it will as little be able to stand the Test, as either her *Modesty* or *Virtue*. For had your Insinuations had any weight with regard to Sir *Thomas Hanmer's* Oddness of *Temper* and *Debility*, 'tis scarce to be doubted that common *Fame* would not have been busy with both, long before you appeared his Enemy in Print, or indeed, before he made choice of an *unequal* Partner for his Bed. His first *Consort* was a Lady of too high Quality to be treated ill and stifle it, at least in her own Family; and too *experienced* to be imposed upon, as to the *reciprocal Obligations* of the Married State. More I think not decent to say, tho' I could, in answer to your invidious Charge of *Moroseness* and *natural Impediment*; a more minute direct Answer wou'd not become my Sex; but, Sir, I will say, that all who have known or heard how happily Sir *Thomas Hanmer* lived with his first *Consort*, the Dowager Dutches of G———n, will scarce assent to either your's or your tutor'd *Mistress's* Impeachment, with regard to his *Temper*,
Behaviour,

Behaviour, or *Manhood*. They will not, believe me Sir, alter their good Opinion of him on Mr. H—y's bare Affelevation. His virtuous *Steadiness* and good *Sense* bore the Test of almost half a Century ; and after such Trial of him, for such a puny *Disclaimer* as you to expect to be able to alter the Opinion of the Public ; to expect to find Credit against him ; I say, for *one who professed himself tired of the World, and the World of him*, to expect to be believed or even countenanced against one, who is the Delight of all those that know him, and the Ornament of his Country, is towering Frenzy. 'Tis a stronger Argument, if possible, of the wrong Biass of a distemper'd Brain, than the whimsical Picture you have drawn of yourself, or even that you have etch'd out of your *Soul's Soul* ; and I might have added that too, which you have so *dutifully* pencill'd for your noble *Father*. Alas ! how degenerated is the Age ! how unhappily turn'd must the Head and Heart of that *Son* be, that can publicly tax a Parent, *with having* (page 54) *shot his Arrow o'er the House and kill'd his Son !* Hard-fated *Father !* to have got and brought up such a Child ; and yet a far more wretched

Son,

Son, that imputes a Guilt in the most public manner, of which, if the Father were guilty, he shou'd be the last of Mankind that ought to promulge it.

But, Sir, wou'd you gain Belief, with regard to this *heavy Charge*; wou'd you exonerate yourself of a *Guilt* far more *heinous*; why don't you assign a more colourable Reason for it than barely for a Father, first to have design'd you for an honourable tho' studious *Profession*; and next, to have grown cool upon you for your *Injustice* to a worthy *Neighbour*, who had always received you with the warmest Friendship and openest Heart, till your unwarrantable Practices in his Family, made both him and your *Father* shut you out of their good Graces? and yet you wou'd persuade us, (page 52) *that the Affection you bore your Father surpass'd any Saint's Love of his God*. After this, one wou'd expect to see the *Father* thus adored, guilty of some unheard-of *Cruelty* towards a *Son* he had *kill'd*. But nothing like this appears; nothing that is even *barsh*, much less *cruel*, is produced to give colour for the Unguardedness of the unhappy *Son's* Expressions. " But, says he, (page 52, and " 53,) my *Father* was pleased at once
" to

“ to put me out of *his* way as well as
 “ my *own*; being tempted by the shew
 “ of some Talents in me (which he and
 “ the World, even at that time, over-
 “ rated) to a fatal Destination of me to a
 “ *Profession* the most repugnant to my
 “ Genius and Temper that was pos-
 “ sible.”——Here follows the second
 part of the Charge: “ And the Prosecu-
 “ tion of my *Studies* not being made
 “ easy to me in other respects, I aban-
 “ doned myself to such *desperate Ex-*
 “ *cesses*, as none else was ever *reformed*
 “ or *rescued* from.”——The Word *re-*
form’d is soon spoken, and written with
 much pains; but really, Sir, unless the
 Public have some better Authority for
 your being *reform’d* than your own bare
 Assertion, you will have made but few
 Converts. All I am to suppose you con-
 tend for, is to be thought *reform’d* from
drinking. You are too *modest*, like
 your *Soul’s Soul*, to insinuate any other
Reformation; and, if you will take my
 Word, there is not one in a thousand of
 your Readers, but conclude you must
 have been *drunk* from the first Mo-
 ment you sat down to write or dream
 this *Rhapsody* of your’s, till you sent it to
 the Press.——The common Phrase is,
 “ Mr.

“ Mr. *H—y* must certainly have
 “ been *drunk* or *m—d* when he cou’d
 “ thus expose *himself*, his *Father*, and
 “ his deifyed Mistress, or rather *Wife* ;
 “ for such it seems, the poor Man per-
 “ suades himself she was, or he had
 “ not come out with such unheard-of
 “ Extravagance as this, (page 21.)”
 “ In the mean time I will bring back
 “ my Thoughts to our *Wife* ; (Lady
 “ *Hanmer*) *For, in Heaven, whose*
 “ *Wife shall she be ?*”——Poor La-
 dy ! how ill-placed was her Affection !
 hard Fate ! since she wou’d break thro’
 all that is sacred in the Bands of Society,
 that she cou’d not distinguish the S—t
 and M—d-man ; or worse, the vain,
 conceited C——b.——But to put an end
 to my intended Vindication, my Lord
B——l, whom I pity the more, because
 he appears *innocent* from the only Proofs
 of his *Guilt* that are here brought against
 him. His Case stands thus :

My Lord having several Sons, and un-
 able to settle considerably on them all,
 wisely design’d that the younger of them
 shou’d be enabled to push their own
 Fortunes in such different Professions as
 he judg’d them capacitated for. His *Ado-
 rer Th—s*, he decently placed out to
 C qualify

qualify himself for the *Gown*, but whether the sleek *Levites*, or the bawling *Barristers*, you leave undetermin'd: But because this design'd *Gownsmen* had not an *Allowance* made him, equal to his ungovernable *Passions*, he turn'd S^ct; and for *twenty Years* together, made it his *Business*, (page 53) to be drunk, whilst that of his *rakish Companions* was drinking only. Is not this, Sir, stating the Case between you and your *Father*, impartially? If you have a cool Interval, pray improve it, and consider with yourself, if there be either *Wit* or *Justice* in casting such gross Reflections on a Parent, as undutifully fell from your Pen.

I can't help thinking that you will be heartily sick of me by that time you come to this part of my Letter; and to tell you a very honest Truth, I am already so sick of you, that had not my good Stars brought a neighbouring Lady to my Relief, I shou'd drop you here, and my Pen along with you. But since I have an undaunted Second, that dreads as little as I do any *Weapon* you can draw upon us, I will hold my Pen till I see the last of you. You know, or may, that if once a Woman sets her
Heart

Heart on a thing, she will go thro' with it, tho' the *old Gentleman* stood at the Door: And in this *Wilfulness*, we act consistently with your *dear Self*, who mean the very same thing, by your *Quod vole, valde volo*. (page 58) This, and your *Motto* are the only Scraps of your Pedantry, which I took the pains to have translated for me by a Country Curate, who, tho' a *Courtier* and *Levee-hunter*, for seven Years past, is not as yet provided for; and for no reason that his Friends can guess at, but because he happens, unfortunately, to be learned, pious, and a *Christian*.

Before I begin the Conversation between my fair *Second* and myself, give me leave to observe upon your *Falsi* and *Veri* in your *Motto*. As I don't understand the Original, I won't answer for the Fidelity of the Translation, but if the Translator be not less faithful to you than to all the World besides, never was *Motto* more injudiciously adapted. A Moment's Reflection wou'd have told you; but alas! *Reflection* must be unknown to one, who prides himself upon writing with a *warm Head and cool Heart*. If your *Ne quid Veri non audeam*, gains Credit, what a wretched

Figure must your *Father*, your *Heavenly Wife*, and your *Sweet Self* make? The first, you produce as a *Tyrant*, and obliquely, a *Murderer*; the second, a *Fool*, *lascivious*; nay, a *Prostitute*, and a *Monster*; and the last, a Pedant, a Coxcomb, a Sot, an Adulterer, a Spendthrift, an A—st, or at least, a D—st, and a Madman. Now, Sir, if I may advise one of your profound Erudition, order your Bookseller to transpose the Words *Falsi* and *Veri*, to different Lines, in the next Edition of your uncandid *Rhapsody*.—But to the *Dialogue* between Lady *Spritely* and plain *Charlotte*, your humble Servants.

L. Sprit. Dear *Charlotte*! how cou'd you make one wait so? did you forget your Appointment to see the huge *Swedish Monster*?

Char. Not at all, my Dear; but Mr. *Dodsley* sending me a far more extraordinary *Monster* this Morning, I cou'd not for my Life quit him, till I had examined him all over.—See, dear *Spritely*, the *He Thing* I have been anatomizing.

L. Sprit. 'Pshaw! that silly Creature *H—y*!—*He Thing*, did you call him? ha, ha. *Tom H—y*, a *He*! God help your wise Head! he wears Breeches indeed,

deed, gets drunk at Taverns, and wou'd pass for a *Keeper*, or being *kept*; but God help him! — do you forget what was publickly said of him and Sir *Thomas*, when it was known that the deluded unhappy deceas'd *Lady* had eloped?

Char. I remember to have heard Scandal in plenty.—

L. Sprit. Nay, if it was Scandal, 'twas none of ours; the *Male* Creatures had it all to themselves.

Char. Female Ears, I suppose, were too delicate for it—but, here are none of the other Sex, prithee, what was it?

L. Sprit. That *Lady Hanmer* had not betray'd more Immôdesty and Indiscretion, than Want of *Judgment* in the Choice she had made of her Man. Forgive me, *Truth*, for calling the *Thing* out of its right Name!—

Char. And yet see how the Creature struts; (page 50 and 51) an intimate Acquaintance said one Day over his Bottle, “ That *H—y* was most happy
“ of them all; who made his *Interest*
“ and his *Pleasures* coincide, by finding
“ them in one common Means.—

L. Sprit. Sure he does not mean, that it was thought he had been worthy of infamous Hire?

Char.

Char. You'll hear — “ Why, said
 “ his sneering Friend, have you never
 “ had to do with any Woman that has
 “ *paid* you well for your *Pains*? I an-
 “ swer'd, No; and after, *No, upon my*
 “ *Honour.*

L. Sprit. And I answer, upon my
 Honour, that I sincerely believe him—
 He, *paid for his Pains!* a *Sot* from his
 Cradle, paid for his *Pains!* she must be
 a wise Woman indeed, that wou'd take
 such an emaciated *Thing* into her Ser-
 vice.— And all this while the Wretch
 thought his Brother *Sot* was in earnest?
 Hang him! I have known many pro-
 claim'd *Madmen*, wou'd have seen thro'
 the Sarcasm, and resented it too.

Char. On the contrary; this *Author*
 swallowed the Hook, naked as it was,
 and sat down contented, with an Affir-
 mation of his Innocence.

L. Sprit. Innocence! quoth a! I shall
 never more utter the Word in company
 of Men, if it have the Meaning you
 give it. — Innocence! prithee call it
 here by its right Name, *Impotence.* —
 Lud! that one of your Memory can for-
 get what all our Smarts and Dappers
 said of him and the injured *Baronet* on
 the *Elopement.*

Char.

Char. My Dear, 'tis your Memory
foils—you have already told ma—

L. Sprit. In part only.

Char. What, is there more of it?
pray, let us hear it, that I may have your
Aid in my further Dissection of the
Thing's Letter.

L. Sprit. O' my Conscience! my
Dear, we shall be fillily employ'd. I
have read his *Nonsense* all out; and tho'
he labours to be thought a Scholar, a
Philosopher, a Casuist, and every thing,
his Letter seems to me to be one con-
tinued *Rhapsody* of Dulness, Inconsist-
encies, Spleen, Envy, Madness, and
F—se—d.

Char. But see, my Dear, what Pains
I have already bestowed upon him—in
Complaisance you won't see so much of
your Friend's Labour lost; and in Friend-
ship, you can't refuse her your Assistance
to finish what she begun—but before we
proceed, let us hear what the Creatures
of his own Sex said of the Elopement.

L. Sprit. Dear Curiosity! ha, ha.

Char. Be it so; tho' to be sincere, 'tis
rather to remove all Impediments in the
Prosecution of the main Work.

L. Sprit. Be that as it will, you shall
be indulged—The Men smiling at poor
Lady

Lady *Hanmer's* Judgment in the Masculine World, used to say, that she left the Man, who *could and would not*, for him, *who would and could not*.

Char. If the Case was really so, I don't see how she had worsted her Condition, unless it be, in incurring an *Imputation* when she was no Gainer.

L. Sprit. That she expected to be a *Gainer*, is scarce doubtful; but my Dear, is there nothing due to Decency and Decorum, leaving Duty and Esteem out of the Question?

Char. You'll see I am no Advocate for that mistaken Lady, when you peruse what I have written. What I have said of her being a *Lofer* or *Gainer* had regard only to her Conduct as it was, with no Intention of justifying it. The Exchange she made was certainly criminal in its own Nature; nor does her *Disappointment* lessen her Gilt. But, with regard to *reality*, she was no *Lofer*. For, my Dear, *Loss* implies a *Deprivation*, which cou'd not be her Case, if Sir *Thomas* *could and would not*—ha, ha!— I can't but think how the *Perts* at the with-drawing Room will smirk, if ever this learned Part of our Conversation should be made as public as I design'd what I have already written.

L.

L. Sprit. Do, dear Girl; let us be in Print. I fancy there must be exquisite Pleasure in being in Print, where one sees so many stupid Performances every Day, with the Names of the Authors tack'd to them.

Char. Thou mad Creature! you don't think I will be so lost to common Sense as our honourable *Mad Tom of Bedlam*, to publish my real Name along with my Nonsense?

L. Sprit. I don't see why you mayn't, since you write *Truth* and *Sense*. You see her *Grace*, without being at much Pains to follow those faithful Guides, makes no Scruple to affix her Name to her Work.

Char. Some vainly think, that high *Quality* sets them above Scandal, or even Censure. But for my part, I am rather of opinion that *Quality*, the higher it is, the more 'tis liable to be censured. As for her *Grace*, 'tis probable she may have thought, that her *Bags* and great *Age* secured her.

L. Sprit. Or rather her *Ingratitude*. I don't wonder that she, who was capable of aspersing the Memory of *one*, to whom she owed both her *Bags* and *Quality*, shou'd be Proof against all Truth

D

and

and Reprehension,—but I see you have already had a fling at her,—let me see—faith, dear *Charlotte*, without Compliment, the more I read, the better I like—I'll go quite thro' it ; and then we will set our Hands to the Plow in good earnest.—Excellent Creature ! so far as you are gone, my Dear, one may perceive your *Heart* was warm and your *Head* cool, the reverse of the F—I you answer. You promise an Examine of Lady *Hanmer's* Judgment and Discretion ; how do you propose to prove them no better founded than her *Modesty* and conjugal *Virtue*?

Char. From her own Words to her Husband.

L. Sprit. Dost think, that this Letter was really her's ?

Char. No ; I suspect it was of our Author's dictating, but I believe of her indicting, because, as weak as she was, she cou'd not be capable of making a request to an injur'd Husband in behalf of the Injurer, and in his Hand-writing too. But supposing it every way genuine, it seems to me a manifest Proof of her want of *Judgment*. Sure, if any thing can be an Argument of a weakness of Understanding, 'tis for a Wife, *eloped* from

from her Husband, to make him a Request, and of Consequence too, in Favour of the Man she lives with, and professes to *Idolize*. Then, as for her *Discretion*, or rather total Deprivation of that amiable necessary Virtue, her Injunction, with her last dying Breath, to publish this very Letter after her Death, is such an Argument of it as admits of no Reply.—Heavens! that a Woman shou'd be solicitous to eternize her Shame! But such, we must suppose, was the Effect of the most excellent *Lectures* and refined Conversation of her *Soul's Soul*.

L. *Sprit*. Her *Soul's F*—I, she shou'd have call'd him—observe what he makes her say (page 11.) to a Husband that was, or had the strongest Reasons for being enraged at her.—“ But I am
“ greatly afflicted, that Mr. *H—y's*
“ Attachment to me shou'd have ex-
“ posed him to *Suspensions* and *Imputa-*
“ *tions*.”—Poor Man! how hard was his Fate, to be censured by a *Husband* whom he had wounded in the tenderest part!

Char. Censured, my Dear *Spritely*, is a far softer Expression than her Ladyship's. “ Indeed, says she, (page 12.)
“ 'tis *Cruel* ; for his Behaviour between

“ his *Tenderness* to my *Friendship* and to
 “ your *Reputation*, was so nice a Thing,
 “ that it ought to stand recorded as a
 “ most amazing *Pattern* of the truest
 “ *Love* and *Honour*.”

L. Sprit. This is beyond all the
Laureat's Out-doings, and yet I did not
 think it possible to have out-shin'd Colly
 in the *Marvellous*; but dear *Charlotte*,
 see how one may be mistaken!—

Char. Prithee, never name Colly in
 one Day with our *Senator*. —

L. Sprit. I beg his *Senatorial* Ho-
 nour's Pardon for having levell'd him
 with one who deserved no higher Prefer-
 ment than carrying his *Lance*.—

Char. In Reality, C—b—r appears
 near our *English Quixot*, but as *Sancho*
 did near the *Spanish* Combatant of *Lions*
 and *Windmills*.

L. Sprit. Colly, indeed, and *Sancho*
Pancho, bear some Resemblance of each
 other; their Qualifications of Vanity,
 Imp—ce, Sauciness, and L—g, bear
 some Affinity; but, my Dear, there is
 scarce any between *Don Quixot*, and
H—y. I agree he is every whit as
 whimsical, vain, and romantic as the
Don; and, if you please, I allow him
 to be as learned and crazy: But he
 appears

not
appears to have a Drachm of the *Spaniards* Sincerity and Honour. *Don Quixot* wou'd die sooner than betray the least Tendency to Untruth or Insincerity; and he wou'd renounce all Pretensions to *Chivalry*, before he wou'd attempt *injuring* a Stranger, much less his Neighbour, and his own, and his Father's *Friend*. Besides, the *Don's* whole View was Glory and Renown; but *H—y's* whole Plan seems to be built on *sordid Gain*, and *Self-Interest*.—See, my Dear, —he sets out upon these *mean-spirited Principles*,—" I am inform'd, says he, " (page 3,) that you have sent Orders " into *Wales*, to cut down all the *Timber* upon the Estate of which I have " the Reversion.——

Char. This was the Estate which Lady *Hanmer* tells Sir *Thomas*, (page 13,) she settled upon her *Soul's Soul*, our *English Quixot*.

L. Sprit. The same: Let us hear what she says. " Some Years ago, when " I thought I had not long to live, I " could not forego the *Pleasure* of giving " him (*H—y*) with my own Hands, " (by Will and Deed of Settlement) the " last Testimony of my *Affection* for " him, and the *most pure Affection* that " ever

“ ever Woman bore a Man.”——Dear *Charlotte*! did you ever before see Madness rise to this towering Height? a Wife tells her Husband, that she gives her *Estate* to the *Despoiler* of his Honour; and adds, *as a Testimony of the most pure Affection that ever Woman bore a Man.*——I shall never love the word *pure* again, as long as I live.——

Char. Ha, ha! indeed, my Dear, if your Stomach be so very nice, I am afraid you'll have a Quarrel to the whole *Alphabet*; for there is not a single Letter in it, that our honourable *Non-such* has not a thousand times put to as bad Use as the four poor innocent Letters in that expressive Monosyllable.——but he sets out, you say, on *mean-spirited* Principles.——

L. Sprit. And is guided by them to the end of his Epistle.—He obliges the unhappy Lady (page 14,) to supplicate in his Favour. “ I shall very soon go
“ abroad, and from the state of Health
“ I am in, little expect either to return,
“ or survive you: For which Reason,
“ let me *conjure* you to leave *Barton*
“ (a considerable Estate) to Mr. *H—y*;
“ it was ever my first and will be my
“ last *Wish*; therefore give me some
“ Hopes

“ Hopes of your Compliance, tho’ you
 “ *deceive me*, that I may live and die in
 “ some degree of Peace.”—Here, my
 Dear, is such a Picture of our *Author’s*
 Sordidness and Meanness of Soul, as *P—*
W—rs himself wou’d have been asha-
 med of.

Cha. And yet, dear *Spritely*, few
 Men know better than *P—* how to
 screw up a young Spendthrift into a
Bargain.——

L. Sprit. But, dear *Charlotte*, wou’d
W—rs glory in his infamous Address?

Char. No more, I suppose, than a *Mr. P—y*
certain Patriot, of the first Magnitude,
 wou’d, in his *Covetousness*, to which his
 Friends give the gentler Name *Oecono-*
my. Ha, ha!

L. Sprit. Oh, dear *Charlotte*! what
 Havock has that Man’s *Avarice* made
 of late—how fair was the Prospect of
 happy Days, till that pretended *Friend*
 to *Liberty* had found Means to *sever*
 the true Friends of the Public, and cast a
Damp upon their Zeal and Proceedings!

Char. His late Conduct was the
 Subject of the Conversation at Lady *Car—t*
Any-side’s last Night.——

L. Sprit. She wou’d justify him, I
 suppose, for declaiming for *fifteen Years*
 together

together against the *Septenniel*, and Speeching and Voting for the Continuance of it when it came to be Debated.

Char. She did with great Warmth. But really, my Dear, poor Lady *Anyfide* is not much to blame.—

L. Sprit. Not to blame, *Charlotte* ! what, to vindicate the Conduct of a Man, whom the Public have raised to Popularity and Power, on a Supposition of his being a steady virtuous *Friend* to National Happiness and Freedom, and as warm an *Enemy* to the Measures of the late *Minister* ; and yet, after he is thus exalted, to *screen* the *Guilty* ; to be as *profuse* in Largeſſes to the *Crown*, or rather more ſo, than the *Man* he ſeem'd to oppoſe for his *Profuſion* ; to prevent the Repeal of ſuch Laws as wound *Freedom* in the tenderest Parts ; to ſhut out from Employments the *beſt* of thoſe that had oppoſed along with him the late *Minister* for twice ſeven Years ; in ſhort, to have done every Drudgery, every Work of the C—t as obſequiouſly as *Sir Robert* ever did ; for any one to vindicate ſuch Conduct, ſuch a wicked Character as Mr. P—, is fooliſh and abſurd : 'Tis an Inconſiſtency that our *filly Tom H—y* himſelf would ſcarce be guilty of !

Char.

Char. But dear exasperated Creature! you forget all this time, that vindicating Mr. P——, Lady *Anyſide* in vindicated her own *Lord* alſo. You know he *oppoſed* in one *House* as vehemently as Mr. P—— did in the *other*; and that now he got the Green ———, he is as violent a C——r as his moſt puiffant *Colleague* ever was, even in the old Days of *Hired Mobs*.

L. Sprit. No, *Charlotte*, I forget not her Ladyſhip's *Motive*, any more than I do her Lord's *Character*. He is like the *Ethiopian*, never to be waſhed white. No body is ſurpriſed at his *Conduct*, now he has a *Poſt*, no one was ſurpriſed at it when he had none. He was a *Camelion* upon Record; his *Venality* and *Inſatiableneſs* were become Proverbial; therefore to attempt vindicating him, wou'd be the ſame as to attempt, what the Scholars call Squaring the Circle. Pretty near the ſame might be ſaid of Mr. S——, the new ^{*Cha*} of the Ex. He was taken into the Claſs of principal *Oppoſers* from an Opinion conceived of his Uſefulneſs in the *Oppoſition*, as he was aſſiduous, bold, rough and indefatigable; but of his *Virtues* either private or public, his *Aſſociates* had no better Opinion

E

than

than the rest of Mankind. 'Tis not at all wonder'd, that such a one should now become a Slave to his *Ambition* that was never looked upon any better than an Adventurer. But, dear *Charlotte*, the Amazement lies on the Side of Mr. P——, who first lent a Hand to raise this other, and now sets him above hundreds of far worthier Objects. In vain wou'd he disguise his being at this time, and I fear, like *Musgrave* of old, always a secret *Penser*. All his ostentatious *Self-denial*, will no longer impose. His Thirst of *Riches* is as well known as his natural *Laziness*; and his *Ambition* as conspicuous as either: Therefore, let Mr. P—— set his Heart at rest, never more shall he be able to impose on those he had heretofore deluded, whether or no he accepts of a ——, or will be made a ——. For ever shall the Word *Septenniel* be thrown in his Teeth; and for ever shall his Actions and Speeches, this *Session*s, be weigh'd against his *Professions* for *sixteen Years* before.

Char. I own myself to have been mistaken in this once-esteem'd Party Prop——

L. Sprit. He would have been really a Prop had he kept up to his *Professions* and the *Public Expectation*.—

Char

Char. Indeed, my Dear, *Public Expectation*, like the *Ostrich*, is of too quick a Digestion, for any Man to hope to satiate it.

L. Sprit. Indeed, I wonder to hear you tainted with vulgar Prejudice.—The People's *Uneasiness*, the People's *Unsteadiness*, their *Fickleness*, their *Impatience*, is the Cant of bad Men only. It was the Language of the late *Administration*, because the People were earnest for a Change of *Hands* in Hopes of a Change of *Measures*; it is that of the *present*, because the same People are vehemently dissatisfied, that the Change of *Hands* has not produced a Change of *Measures*. These same *People* then were *right* in their Out-cry in the late Administration; they are so in their Dissatisfaction at the Conduct of certain *Great Professors* at present; nor do I remember ever to have known them in the wrong, however volatile they have been represented by Sycophants, Hypocrites and Parasites. — My dear *Charlotte*, these poor People, so grossly abused and misrepresented, are not only the Support but the *Barometer* of the State. Is the Court, as a *British* Court ought to be? Are Ministers honest? Are they

E 2 skilful?

skilful? Are public Affairs wisely and virtuously managed? The *People* are pleased, they are contented, they are silent. But if the Court be ———; if the national Concerns be imprudently and wickedly managed, the *People* will never be pleased, contented, nor silent.

Char. But, my Dear, are you not too much leaning towards the Scheme of our modern *Levellers*, to say that the *People* are never in the wrong?

L. Sprit. By the *People*, I mean the Bulk or Generality of them; ———

Char. And that very Generality, you must admit to have conceived a *wrong* Opinion of Mr. ——— for *fifteen Years* together.

L. Sprit. Because Mr. ——— was a rank *Hypocrite* for so many Years. I don't pretend that the *People* are endow'd with the Gift of Divination, they are no more capable of diving into the Heart of a false *Patriot*, than you or I into that of a false *Lover*. But as we should be wise enough to judge of the *Actions*, tho' not of the *Professions* of the one, so are the *People* able to weigh the Conduct of the other.

Char.

Char. O' my Conscience, my Dear, I think modern *Patriotism* and modern *Love* may shake Hands. ———

L. Sprit. They are indeed both of them at a very low Ebb at this time; but my Dear *Charlotte*, your Youth, Beauty, and Wit, and my plain *Sincerity* shall convert the Rakes and Ramblers; and his *Grace* of *Arg-e* shall convert, or at least shame *false Brethren* into Remorse. Glorious Man! and never more so, than in not *acting* with *some* that have betray'd the Confidence reposed in them by the honest but deluded *People*.

Char. If I could take any thing ill of Dear Lady *Spritely*, it wou'd be this unmerited Compliment; for such I will suppose you design'd it. But remember, that in depriving me of *Sincerity*, you rob me of the only Quality I ever valued myself upon.

L. Sprit. Dear *Charlotte*, forgive the Inaccuracy of the Expression. I had no Intent to strip you of that Virtue which first recommended you to my Friendship; but had I thrown it into the List of your other Perfections, there had been none left for your plain, unfashionable, humble Servant.

Char.

Char. Oh, Madam! your Ladyship's most Obedient.—— Pray, my Dear; wou'd you have me take this last Speech for a Specimen of your abundant *Sincerity*?

L. Sprit. Truce, dear *Charlotte*.

Char. On Condition you drop *Politics* for the present, and help towards the demolishing this *H—y*, this ideal modern Hero.

L. Sprit. You forget, my Dear, that even this *F—l* sets up for *Politics* as well as *Love*. “ I had once, says he, “ (page 59) resolved not to come again “ into Parliament; for I have neither the “ Passions requisite to take *Delight*, nor “ *Talents* to make a Figure in it.” I readily believe his Want of *Talents*; but what the *Thing* can mean by *Passions requisite to take Delight in Parliamentary Attendance*, his profound elder *B——r* may unriddle, if he pleases.

Char. Many as stupid a Wretch as *H——y*, in the three last *Parliaments*, have had keener Passions than he to be *bired to attend*, when their Duty obliged them to *attend* without *Hire*.

L. Sprit. If none of these *Hirelings* are crept into the present *P——t*, 'tis a Blessing.——

Char.

Char. And a Miracle, which one would not expect in this venal ungifted Age.

L. Sprit. If there be any Truth in our Annals, we have always had our *Hirelings*; but I confess the present out-does all the foregoing in *Hypocrisy*.

Char. Dear *Spritely*! let the steady Virtue of the dear *Duke* atone for the Vice of many of his *Cotemporaries*.—

L. Sprit. The glorious Man! he was ever the Charm and Delight of our Sex, and he is now the Honour and Ornament of his own. May he prosper in his virtuous Endeavours, to rescue his unhappy Country out of unclean Hands.——

Char. But, *Spritely*, shou'd your Favourite, your virtuous Hero prove another ——y? Shou'd he oppose till he has had his *Price*?

L. Sprit. 'Tis impossible! Truth, Sincerity, and Honour, are so blended with his noble Blood, he can't stoop so mean, he can't be guilty of a base Action.——

Char. I believe and expect all that is either great or good from his *Grace*; but, my Dear, let his Blood be out of the Question——view his B——r. I don't suppose

suppose you will impugn their Mother's conjugal Virtue?

L. *Sprit*. I did not know the Lady; but certainly the wide Difference between the B——rs in Constitution, Sentiments, and every thing, gives me a Suspicion that the younger must have been changed at Nurse.

Char. Ha, ha! changed at Nurse, of all things! — — well, well; be the Cause what it will, the B——rs are certainly very unlike. From one I expect no Good, from the other, the whole People not only expect, but seem to rely upon him for the Support of all they *enjoy*, and the Recovery of all they have lost. Pray Heaven, he neither deceives them, nor wounds his own Honour!

L. *Sprit*. Never fear that God-like Man. He is as *steady* as this *injured Good Man*, whom this *Bedlamite H—y* impotently attacks on the Score of his Principles. Hear him (page 56 and 57,)

“ This, Sir, was not your first Attempt
 “ to wound my Reputation further;
 “ for you traduced me six or seven Years
 “ ago in my *public Character*. But
 “ the Censures and Reproaches of one
 “ so prejudiced, and *Party-biass'd*, will
 “ make but slight Impressions on their
 “ Objects :

“ Objects: And it is so notorious as
 “ some other of your Foibles, that the
 “ Favourers of your Opinions have no
 “ Faults, the Oppugners of them no
 “ Virtues: And that upon the least
 “ Change any Man in his Political
 “ Creed, or Conduct, you do not scruple to pronounce the respective Pro-
 “ selyte *Saint*, or *Reprobate* (a Courtly
 “ Name it seems for D——l) without
 “ the least regard to his Manners, Mind,
 “ or Morals.”

Char. A heavy Charge brought against a Man for being steady in the true Interest of his Country, at the Expence of Fortune, Ambition, every thing which *false Patriots* set their Hearts upon—*Poor Sir Thomas!*

L. Sprit. *Rich*, you might have said, in Merit, and the good Opinion and Wishes of all good Men and virtuous *Britons*——But what was the Attempt to wound *this Trifler's Reputation*, which puts him into this fustian Foam? was it because he had not bestow'd an *Estate* upon him in compliance with his wife Lady's Request; or that he would not indulge him with the Preference of that *Timber* he gave Orders for cutting down, in *Wales*?

F

Char.

Char. Those *Refusals* appear, without any Doubt, to have been the Foundation of all our honourable Author's Malice and Resentment; but, I take it, that this Impeachment of Sir *Thomas's* political Principle, proceeds from some trite Observations on *H——y's* Conduct as a *Senator*. This Passage (page 59,) seems to explain it. “ But
 “ if all the *Votes* I have given there
 “ in (Parliament) were revocable, I
 “ cou'd think of but *one* I shou'd be
 “ the least desirous to recal: And if
 “ that Question were to recur, I shou'd
 “ be again suspended by the Dilemma
 “ I was then under; for tho' I approved of the *End*, I disliked the
 “ *Means*.——

L. Sprit. What pity our *Legislator* did not inform us what this doubtful Question was?

Char. You may swear it was about the *Excise* or *Convention*; for he was as implicitly at the *Minister's* Beck in those Days, as he is at present zealously endeavouring to *screen* him from the Inflictions due to his Conduct.

L. Sprit. His *Screening* wou'd little avail, if *old Opposers* had been staunch and virtuous. On those, dear
Charlotte,

Charlotte, the late *Minister* founds his Safety ; and yet those are the very *Men* who promis'd Wonders ; they are those on whom the deceived People founded all their Hopes— But, to return to *H——y*. Was there but one single *Question* which stuck in his Stomach, during an Attendance of twenty Years in P——t ?

Char. I did not expect a single *Qualm* for one in Leading-strings. He was one of those consistent-manag'd *Patriots*, who constantly drew up within the magic Circle of the *Blue Garter*.

L. Sprit. I don't see that Matters are mended since the *Removal* of that once-awful Circle. The same standing *Forces*, the same *Restraints*, the same *Evils* of every kind remain, or rather, are increas'd. What have the People got by the Removal ?

Char. What, indeed ! If an *Exchange* of one of the *most deserving Men*, in his private Capacity, for *one the least deserving in all Capacities*, be a Blessing, the Public may exult ; but if such an *Exchange* be a national Curse, then ought we to mourn and bemoan.

L. Sprit.

L. *Sprit*. We have still Men of Worth and Integrity alive, and, I hope, willing to rescue their Country from her *secret* and avow'd Enemies. If they will range themselves under the glorious *Duke's* Banner ; if they will unite and close their Ranks as the *Desertion* of their opposing Comrades makes a Chasm ; if they will observe even *H——y's Maxim*, they will in the End baffle and foil all that stand in their Way to Power and Honour : For they have the *Public* on their Side ; they have yet more ; they have Justice with them. “ As for the *Unanimity*, “ says our Author, who for once deviates into Sense, (page 59.) with “ which my *Party* has been so often “ reproach'd ; (you may see here which “ Party he was of for twenty Years “ past) it is the natural, and almost “ necessary Effect of *Party*. 'Tis by “ the same Unity and Concord, that the “ *Opponents* of it have now gotten the “ Ascendant ; and I wou'd recommend “ it to every Assembly : For, I believe, “ it will be found in Policy, as in “ Philosophy, that *Cohæsion* gives the “ *Weight* to all *Bodies*.”

Char.

Char. I cou'd almost find in my Heart to forgive *Tom* all his Extravagancies, all his Insults on my Sex, all his Aspersions on one of the worthiest of his own, for this plain and necessary *Advice*, tho' he and I differ widely in our Intention, as to the Observation of it.

L. Sprit. He gives it to justify his own Conduct by that of his Party——

Char. His Dilemma is all over here, both of the *End* and *Means*; but he was not quite so clear about the *only Vote* he should be in the least desirous to recal. Be the *End* to establish *Tyranny*, be it to give away all our Wealth for *foreign* Purposes, Purposes, indeed, very *foreign* to the true Interest of the Nation; in short, be the *End* what it will, *Tom* advises Unity and Party-Concord as the *Means* to arrive at it.

L. Sprit. *Tom* is an apt Scholar; he must have been a Dunce, indeed, to have served three Apprenticeships to Sir *Blue-string*, and not learn his Creed. Besides, he might have gone to his B — r for private Lectures—— Duce take him! for taking up so much of my

my Time, when I have so very little to spare— Dear *Charlotte*, adieu —

Char. You wouldn't, sure, quit the Field, whilst your Principal is engag'd— the Danger, dear *Spritely*, of leaving your Friend alone with an Author enrag'd at being expos'd !

L. Sprit. Harmless Creature ! the Pen is the only offensive Weapon at his Command, and all the Attacks he can make upon you or any other, with that, any *Girl* at *Cavalry's* may easily retort : Take up yours, and give him the parting Blow ; give him this *Chit-chat* of ours, if you will ; my Life, he receives from it the *Coup de grace*. Should he be curious to know who gives you this Advice, tell him he may see her every Morning at her Home, to receive the Visits of all undesigning stanch *Friends* of her *Country*, and every Sabbath-day at *Church*, to pray for their Success——

Char. At your *Home*, and at *Church* ! two Places, where, you may be sure, *H——y* will never seek you, if his own Words have any Meaning. Those whom you deem *Friends* of your *Country*, and daily receive as such, he never herds with, being too much a C——r

to

to associate with the *Wife*, the *Virtuous*, or *Steady*; and, as for *Church*, you may be sure, from what he says (page 44.) that he very seldom, if ever, troubles it--- “ If there be that
 “ Communion between God and his
 “ Creatures, believ’d by many, and
 “ so devoutly to be wish’d by all;
 “ I conclude he will hear a sincere
 “ and earnest *Application* to him from
 “ a *Chamber*, as soon as from a *Church*;
 “ or in a *Street*, as well as in either.”

L. *Sprit*. Without doubt he is very capable of making a *sincere and earnest Application*, who takes God to witness that he has been m—d *for one or two and twenty Years* together——

“ And I desire him, says she (in the
 “ same page 44.) most solemnly to
 “ deal with me here and hereafter
 “ according to the Truth of what I
 “ am going to say, *viz.* That in one
 “ or two and twenty Years I have
 “ never been in a natural State of
 “ Mind or Body : In other Words; I
 “ have not been, in all that Time, one
 “ Hour out of Pain, or in the *calm*
 “ *Possession of my Understanding*” ——

After this, dear *Charlotte*, who would be at the Pains to examine any thing
 the

the poor Creature either does or writes — Adieu, my Dear, I am sorry we shou'd bestow so many precious Moments on a Wretch —

Char. Who treats your whole Sex with unsufferable Insolence — hear him (page 20.) “ Thus, that Spirit of Re-formation which rages with such Fury among *scandalous Women* and *effeminate Men*, I call home to myself.” — Sland'rous Women ! Shall we suffer so gross an Insult ? Shall the audacious Author of it go unpunish'd ? sooner would I forgive her *Grace's Ingratitude*, Mr. ——— y's *Hypocrisy*, Sir R——'s *Plundering*, and the affronting *Rank* of his Daughter —

L. Sprit. You are in a Passion, my Dear —

Char. Well I may ; pray hear what the insolent *Thing* adds in the same Page. “ I have blended *effeminate Men* with the *Women* (as unnatural as such Junction may be in other respects) because I have ever observ'd them to be great *Propagators* of *Scandal* —

L. Sprit. Is he not as severe on his Sex as ours ?

Char.

Char. What Attonement is that? Wou'd you bear to have your Chastity arraign'd by Lady B——e, because she own'd, in the same Breath, her own Infamy, already too public to be conceal'd? Shall he dare to call us *scandalous*, to proclaim us *Propagators of Scandal*, and hope to go unpunish'd, because he blends his *effeminate Men* with us? — No, dear *Spritely*, I will spend every Drop of Ink in my Stan-dith to vindicate the Honour of my Sex; had the F—I blended us with the whole *Male Creation*, perhaps I had forgiven him; but to couple us with his *effeminate Men* only——

L. Sprit. If his *Varium & Mutabile*, in the next Page, (21.) mean *Fickleness* and *Unsteadiness*, he takes in his own whole Sex, as well as ours, into his Description; and therefore deserves some Indulgence at your Hands ——
 “ *Varium & Mutabile*, says he, tho’
 “ satyrically apply’d by *Juvenal* to *Wo-*
 “ *men* only, belong equally to Men.

Char. This Impartiality had really escaped me, if you had not taken notice of it——

L. Sprit. I am pleas’d to have been instrumental to the restoring you to
 G the

the *Calm* so natural to you. But, dear *Charlotte*, how jejune is the Compliment he makes our Sex by assimilating us to *Man*! I wou'd not be partial to my Sex, because I am of it; I can see many *Imperfections* we have; but, I think, our greatest is, to set so great a Value on Creatures far more *imperfect* than ourselves. View Woman, with all her Weaknesses, you shall observe her more sincere, more consistent, and generally more virtuous than *Man*, with all his boasted Judgment and Learning. If she swerve, who but faithless *Man* is the Cause of her swerving? If *Eve* had not been seduced by a sinful *He*, she had been spotless. Unlearned, untravell'd, unedify'd as *Women* generally are, view them in all Relations of Life, and you shall observe them guilty of fewer Mistakes, fewer Faults of Consequence than *Man*. Are they unchaste, is not *Man* the Seducer? All our *Errors* proceed from that one great *Error* I have mentioned; that is, in believing too implicitly in *Men*. Had not the present Subject of our Discourse, poor Lady *Hanmer*, too weakly confided in one more *weak* than herself, she had not been exposed as she now is, and always will be, by
the

the unskilful Pen of this unhappy M—dman. Is there any Light in which Woman don't appear more amiable than Man?

Char. None, if you'll take a *Woman's* Word for't, ha, ha!

L. Sprit. But, dear *Charlotte*, to be serious; Is not the Argument maintainable before all equitable Judges?

Char. But, dear *Spritely*; where shall we find such Judges? Mr. *Pope* tells you, that *Minos* and his Equitable *Colleagues* are retired long ago to the infernal Shades.

L. Sprit. They were as sick of their faithless Contemporaries, as I am of our more faithless unsteady *Patriots*.

Char. But I hope, dear *Spritely*, you wou'd not, like *Minos* and his *Colleagues*, retire to H—ll to get rid of Mr.— and my Lord —, and all the rest of our inconsistent L—l—rs?

L. Sprit. No, *Charlotte*; Sick as I am of the World, whilst his Grace of *A—e* remains in it, I would not willingly leave it.

Char. You mean whilst his *Grace* remains *steady* in his Country's Cause?

L. Sprit. Most certainly. For tho' I think his *Grace* one of the finest Gentlemen of the Age, my Veneration for him

him results solely from my Opinion of his *public Virtue* and *parriial Love*.

Char. And yet, dear *Spritely*, his *Grace* is no better nor worse than *Man* still. Such also are Mr.— Mr.— and Lord —; and all those, who of late have lost your warm Heart.

L. Sprit. But, dear Child, tho' many *Angels* fell, there are many more that have preserved their Purity and Innocence. It wou'd be severe to judge ill of a Man for happening to have kept bad Company. It wou'd be uncandid, nay it wou'd be unjust, to entertain a bad Opinion of one that had *never swerved*, because he may have had a favourable Opinion of *another* that had *swerved as often as he had been try'd*.

Char. Ay, my Dear; the Men say that the only is virtuous who never has been try'd.—

L. Sprit. That villifying Sex are so used to censure ours———

Char. And our's, my Dear, so apt to give them Cause.———

L. Sprit. So apt, you wou'd say, to be deluded to the giving Cause.

Char. That may be true in general; but there are Exceptions if you can believe our splenetic Author. So far was he from seducing his *Soul's Soul*, that she made him the first Advances. L.

L. Sprit. Impossible! as much pains, as the Creature has taken to expose that poor Lady, I don't remember that he insinuates any thing so monstrous of her.

Char. You wou'd not say so, if this Passage (page 22,) had not escaped your Memory. " Know then, Sir, this ill-fated Woman had been told, that I was deserving and unhappy; two Characteristics so much her own, that she had a fellow-feeling for me, ere she knew me." Observe, that she loved our *Tom* before she saw his sweet *Face*, or was acquainted with his sweeter *Mind*.—He goes on—" Upon our better Acquaintance, tho' I endeavoured to conceal the Truth of one part of her Information, she grew so partial to me, as to think she was not deceived in the other : And at length conceived that *Passion* for me which she had so fervently and pathetically avow'd."—I hope your Ladyship is now convinced that *Men* are not the only *Seducers*.

L. Sprit. Was ever poor Woman so miserably mistaken in her Love !

Char. Pray mind the *Foundation* on which he raises this *Love*, this *Passion* which she had so fervently and pathetically

cally avow'd to her last dying Moment.

“ It was not, says she, (page 23,) her

“ *Ears* or *Eyes* enthrall'd her.”——

L. Sprit. Insufferable! I hope he does not allude to another *Sense* less modest to be mention'd here, than *Hearing* or *Seeing*?

Char. O fye! an *Honourable* 'Squire mention any other brutish *Sense*!—No, no; he soars higher—“ I am well aware, “ says he, in the same page, (23) that to “ insinuate she cou'd be in *Love* with “ nothing but *Merit*, and at the same “ time to be speaking of myself as the “ confess'd Object of her *Love*, may seem “ to favour a little of *Vanity*.”——

L. Sprit. Savour a little of *Vanity*! This Creature out-does old Beau *Fielding*, of whom 'tis related that he never appear'd in public, but he enquir'd of his Servants, how many of the *Female* Crowd had miscarry'd, because he had not smiled upon them.—His *Merit*! *H—y's Merit* be the Foundation of any Woman's Love! Incorrigible *Vanity*!—I am quite surfeited of the *C—c—b*. If I stay another Moment in his Company I shall lose all Patience.

Char. Nay, nay; if he does not frighten you into a Swoon all will be well. Ha, ha.

L. Sprit. If senseless Vanity cou'd have that Effect upon me, I shou'd apprehend it from hearing any more of his crude Jargon ; but as the most intrepid can't always answer for himself, I will withdraw whilst I am safe. Adieu, dear *Charlotte*, if you wou'd have my thanks, maul him ; if you wou'd have that of all our Sex, give him no Quarters ; and if you wou'd acquire the Esteem of all Men of *Sense* and *Modesty*, set out this reverse of them, in his proper Colours—farewel ! besure you meet me at Lady *Sweepstakes* in the Evening. If Lady *Anyfide* shou'd be there as usual, you shall see in what flaming lively Colours I shall paint her *Lord*, and all the rest of our Modern *Anyfides*.

To tell you Truth, Sir, now my Company is gone, I find the Tide of my Spirits run so very low, that I apprehend you and I will be miserably dull shou'd we converse together any longer. Whether it be that *Dulness* inspires *Dulness*, and so have catch'd the Infection of you ; but I find myself so moap'd, now I am with you alone, that if I don't conclude quickly, I shall forfeit the only Character that recommends me to my Acquaintance, that is, my *Cheerfulness*. But that you may see I have not mistaken
yours,

yours, I shall present you with it with all the Justice imaginable, and all the Chearfulness I am yet Mistress of.

To say you are in your right *Senses*, wou'd be giving yourself the Lye, who affirm you have not been in the *calm Possession of your Understanding* for two and twenty Years past; and of all things I wou'd avoid all Occasion of rousing the Courage of a Man of your strict Honour. I may say then boldly, on your own Testimony, that you are *Mad*. Here let me stop; for as *Madness* includes every severe Thing that can be said or thought of the unhappy Object seiz'd with it, 'tis quite *Madness* for me to expatiate any farther on your Character, which indeed is beyond all Description. Those who wou'd know it more minutely, may have their Curiosity satisfy'd by perusing your senseless Charge to one of the worthiest Men of our Nation, and my *Reply*. I am, &c.

Pall-Mall, April 5th. 1742.

F I N I S.

